Mileven Prompts <3 by BCI603, milevenreddie

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Summary:

Decided I'd join in and write some of my own one-shots! Send me your prompts and I'll write them to the best of my ability! <3
They can be modern day or the actual time where ST takes place.

1. I write a bad pick up line on your cup every time I'm your barista

Author's Note:

> Prompt- Where Mike is a barista at Benny's and writes pickup lines on El's cups, and El is a doctor who ends up taking care of him after an accident.

Modern Day

El scowled at probably every living thing as she walked down the street, only wearing purple scrubs, her own jacket, and one of her dads old ones on top, a beanie and a scarf, her long hair flying in the wind. She was on her way to Benny's to meet Max for their usual coffee 'date' they had every couple days. Why had she decided to buy an apartment instead of living with her dad for a little longer and buy a car? She wasn't that good of an adult, that's why. The only good thing about walking down a sidewalk with a foot of snow on either side of her was the chance that the cute, wait, let me rephrase that, the incredibly *hot* barista was working today. He always wrote cheesy ass pick up lines that she absolutely loved and got her through her job as a doctor.

At twenty five years old, El loved helping deliver babies in the emergency room. She loved stitching up idiots who tried skateboarding in the snow. She *loved* angry family members who demanded she tell them information she doesn't know. And no, that's not sarcasm, not at *all*. She just got off work, a thirty two hour shift, and she was ready to either sleep, murder someone, or drink a shit ton of coffee. She pushed open the door of the shop and pushed it closed, rubbing her hands together and blowing on them. She spotted Max's red hair in line, and the dark, curly haired barista she thinks she's a little in love with. She waltzed her way over to her and crossed her arms. Max jumped a little when she saw her then laughed.

"You look like shit." She said. El scowled at her.

“If you were on your feet for a good thirty two hours, you’d understand.”

“We can reschedule if you want, come back tomorrow?” Max suggested. El snorted and shook her head as the person in front of them left to sit down and they stepped forward.

“Hell no, I need some damn coffee.” She looked at the curly haired man, who had an eyebrow raised, but a smile on his face like usual. She gave him a smile.

“Both want your usuals?” He asked. Max nodded while El said,

“I want it in the biggest damn size you got, I need it.” He chuckled and saluted them, rang them up and they paid him. They stood off to the side while they waited and talked. Someone took his place, a shorter guy with even curlier hair, who wore a red, white and blue cap, and he brought them their drinks. El’s eyes widened at the size of hers and looked at him. “This is as big as my head!” She whisper-yelled like it was a secret. He snorted and then raised both eyebrows.

“Should I be concerned with how much caffeine you’re consuming?” He asked.

“Probably, but I’m a doctor so…” He nodded.

“So when you go into coma due to that monster, you’ll be okay?” She snorted and nodded.

“Dammit, Mike! Put your goddamn name tag on!” A dark skinned man exclaimed, stomping his way to, newly found name, Mike. Mike groaned and turned around to face him.

“You never yell at Dustin when he forgets his, Lucas.” He pouted at him but snatched the tag out of his name. El gave him a smile and she and Max went to sit back down.

“Why don’t you ever just write your number or Instagram on her cup? Stop with the pick up lines and ask her out.” Mike rolled his eyes.

“I’ll keep writing pick up lines unless she asks me to stop.” He

retorted. “Why don’t *you* ask her friend out?”
“Touché.”

“Oh my GOD.” Max all but screamed before bursting into giggles. El turned around and smirked at Mike, who smiled back.

“See? She’s interested in you too dude.”

“Mike! Get your ass *over here* !” Max yelled, and the three men were silently thankful it was just those two here now. Mike raised an eyebrow and Lucas snorted, pushing him out from behind the bar, and he walked over to them.

“How can I help ya?” He asked. El’s cheeks were red, but nothing compared to Max’s face, which almost matched her hair.

“Dude, you have absolutely *killed* it with these pick up lines. Honest to God, how did you know her last name?” She asked. “Also, she’s shook.” El snorted at that and finally turned to Mike, who looked confused.

“I… don’t know your last name though?”

“Hopper? You didn’t know that?” She asked, just as confused. He shook his head.

“No, that one just randomly came to my head. It also didn’t help that I saw a bunny hopping around in a video on Instagram.” He made a face and then laughed. “What a coincidence, though.”

“No kidding.”

After that encounter, El wasn’t able to go back to Benny’s for almost two weeks because of work. She’d missed seeing Mike in those two weeks, but she definitely didn’t expect to see him in the emergency room with the other curly haired dude, Dustin, bruised and a little bloody, and probably a couple other things.

“Alrighty, Mike Wheeler, car accident.” She stated, pushing the curtain back as she looked at her clipboard, not looking up. “On the outside, we see that you’ve got some cuts and bruises, one of which will need stitches and-Mike? Holy shit!” She looked up and saw him,

eyes just as wide as hers.

“Oh, uh, hey, El.” He said, smiling weakly.

“What the hell happened? Wait, this tells me. Shit.” She face palmed and shook her head. “This is unprofessional, I’m gonna be your doctor for a bit, because you look like you’re in pain.”

Two hours later, it was revealed that he needed 15 stitches in the one cut, he had two broken ribs, a dislocated shoulder, plenty of bruises, and a concussion which resulted in him needing to stay overnight for observation. She clocked out, changed into her normal clothes, and made her way to his room, 353. She knocked lightly and stepped in, shutting the door quietly behind her.

“Time to be a friend and not a doctor!” She said quietly, doing jazz hands. He chuckled and shifted a little, grimacing. Dustin flicked his arm.

“Stop moving around so much and you won’t hurt, idiot.” He said, sprawled out on the couch next to him.

“Dustin, I swear to God, I will beat your ass the second I get out of this bed if you don’t *shut up* about me moving around.” El chuckled and walked over.

“I’m gonna check your stitches, okay? Just to make sure everything’s in order.”

“You just want to touch him, eh?” Dustin said. El’s hand froze midway to Mike’s arm, and she turned to Dustin. She snatched his hat off his head and threw it at his crotch. “Ow!” Mike giggled. She huffed and turned back to Mike, peeling away the bandage and checking it. She nodded.

“Looks good, still, so it should be okay. How bad is your pain from one to ten, ten being the worst.”

“Uh…” He squinted. “Probably a six or seven? They didn’t exactly give me anything other than a pill to make me piss, which is pissing me off. No pun intended.” She laughed.

“I’ll go get you something then, who’s your nurse?”

“Uh, she said her name is Stacy?” She rolled her eyes at that.

“Of course, I wish they’d fire her.” She mumbled. “I’ll be back in a few minutes, okay?” He nodded.

She came back about fifteen minutes later and put something in his IV.

“This should help, especially with the headache I know you have.” He nodded and smiled in thanks. “Speaking of headaches, where’d Dustin go?”

“I made him leave.” He said. “He was getting on my nerves. Besides, my sisters are on the way here and will probably be here in a couple hours.” He shrugged. “They’re hard headed.” She chuckled and nodded. “I wanna go to sleep-I know I can’t yet- and Dustin was honestly the only thing keeping me awake. He kept singing.”

“I can sing for you.” She joked, actually kind of meaning it. He chuckled it.

“You don’t have to, I’d probably fall asleep. No offense.” He grinned at her. “Whatever the hell you just gave me is amazing.” She snorted and nodded.

“That it is. I switched with Stacy so I’ll be staying with you tonight.”

“Staying with me?” She nodded.

She pulled up a chair next to his bed and they talked for a good while, eventually bringing out their phones and actually exchanging numbers, then showing each other memes.

“Don’t you have other patients?” He asked after a while. She shook her head.

“No, I’m off for the next two days.” She said. His eyes widened.

“Why are you staying with me? You don’t have to, because the later it gets the more annoying I’ll get and then you’ll probably stop

coming to Benny's because I'm annoying. Also, are the pick up lines annoying? Because Lucas said they probably are and-" He babbled. She smiled and moved closer, but he didn't notice. He continued babbling until she leaned in and planted one right on the lips. He froze for a second or two, eyes wide, and as she started to pull away, he pulled her back gently and kissed back.

"Mike! Sorry we took so long-Oh." El jumped away at the sound of another voice and blushed a dark red. Mike looked just as embarrassed. "I can come back?" The girl said.

"No!" They said at the same time and she and the other girl raised their eyebrows.

"Okay." The other one said. "Who's this, Mikey?" She asked. She looked to be around sixteen.

"Um, this is El. She's my doctor, I think?"

"You think?"

"I mean yeah, she took care of me when I first got here so yeah. Oh, El, they're my sisters, Nancy and Holly."

"It's nice to meet you." Nancy said, giving her a smile. Holly did the same. "So, looks like you might be more than just his doctor?"

"Did you know that your brother had so many cheesy pick up lines?" She asked, poking Mike's leg. He blushed again as Holly climbed up on the bed with him.

"You're the girl he keeps talking about, then." Holly said. Mike pinched her side and she almost hit him, but then remembered he was already injured. "You're lucky you're in the hospital."

"We've heard a lot about you." Nancy told her, sitting on the couch.

"Shut *up* Nancy." He whined. She snorted.

"No, you bother me about Jonathan so I'm gonna bother you about her. What was the last pick up line he said to you?" She snorted and glanced at him, then back at her.

“Are you a bunny? Because you hopped your way into my heart.”

2. “I love being a third wheel. It’s so fun. This isn’t sarcasm. No, definitely not.”

Notes for the Chapter:

> Some of these will be really short, and some will be really long, just depending. It’ll be a while before the long ones, though XD.
>
> They’re in their mid-twenties in this.

“I love being a third wheel. It’s so fun. This isn’t sarcasm. No, definitely not.” Mike grumbled, crossing his arms as Max and Lucas made out across from him. He laid his head back, closing his eyes. This was supposed to be a blind/double date but the girl had yet to show, so for now, he was third-wheeling. According to Max, the girl - her name was El, he knew that- had to close up where she worked and the customers were taking forever. He’d already been annoyed at the fact that they were trying to set him up with someone, and now they were late. He knew she couldn’t exactly help it, but still.

“Yeah, being a third wheel is the *best* fucking thing *ever* , amiright?” A voice said. He opened his eyes and looked for the source, spotting a short girl with dark, shoulder length curly hair, holding onto the strap of her bag. “I’m El.” She explained. He couldn’t stop staring. “I’m sorry I’m late, Dustin is a dick and wouldn’t hurry up and buy whatever he needed.” He finally snapped out of it and gave her a small smile, scooting over for her to take a seat.

“Uh, it’s okay. I’m Mike.”

“You’re cute.” She blurted, and then slapped a hand over her mouth. “Oh my God, I’m sorry.” He blushed but smiled.

“It’s okay, so are you.” She smiled at him brightly, her cheeks just as red as his. “Are you talking about Dustin Henderson?”

“Yeah, you know him?”

“Oh boy, do I. He’s in my improv class and is an annoying shit.”

“You do improv?” She asked, removing her back and setting it under her feet. He nodded.

“Yeah,” He scratched the back of his neck. “I do musical theater too, with my cousin Richie. He’s another annoying shit.”

“Oh I know Richie! He comes in the store where I work like three times a week.”

“I’m so sorry, then.” She giggled and looked at the two across from them. “Do you wanna move to another booth? I’d rather not watch… that.” He snorted and nodded. The two moved to another booth on the complete opposite side of the restaurant, sitting across from each other. “So, do you actually act in the plays they do or?” He shook his head.

“Nah, I mean if I have to I will, but I just work with the music and all. Like I deal with starting the music on time or making the right sound effects.” She nodded.

“Cool! I went to the Willy Wonka one a couple weeks ago, and Richie was a good ass Wonka.”

“He was perfect for it. He’s wonky as hell anyways.” She giggled. “Where do you work?”

“It’s that small thrift shop a couple blocks from here.”

“So that’s where Richie’s getting all that weird shit from.”

“Sadly, yes.” She chuckled. “So is that all you do? Or do you have a job?”

“I’m a science teacher,” He explained. Her eyes brightened a little. “at the middle school. Science was always my favorite subject, like Lucas, but he didn’t wanna be a teacher because he doesn’t exactly have the patience for kids, whereas I do. To a certain extent, at least.” She laughed.

“Same. I have little kids running around everywhere at the store, and

it’s usually me who has to chase them down because their parents don’t care. Sometimes I just let the kids break stuff so their parents have to pay for it.” He grinned and pointed at her.

“Smart.”

3. When you're overprotective of her but you're not together

Notes for the Chapter:

> This is for antisocialslytherinpenguin!! I hope this fits what you wanted! Didn't mean for this to turn out as angsty as it did, and I hope you like the ending! I got carried away and it's all over the place, and… yeah… XD. Sorry if it sucks, I haven't written much jealous Mike, or any at all, so this is my first time writing it.
>
> Sorry it took me over a month to get it out, I've been busier than expected XD. It was going to be done a couple days ago but my niece was born and… yeah
>
> They're seventeen in this.

"Sickening."

"Disgustin'"

"Why is she talking to him? He's a dick." Mike grumbled, completely ignoring Dustin and Will, who looked at each other with a knowing look.

"Jeez, dude, and you're not hopelessly in love with El, huh?" Dusting snickered. Mike snapped his attention back to the two.

"No, I'm not, genius. I just don't like the dickhead she's talking to."

"I mean, he's got a point. Jeff is a dickhead." Will agreed. Dustin shrugged, smirking. Mike then noticed Max and Lucas making out on their side of the table and he made a face.

"Gross."

After lunch, Mike fell behind the rest of the Party, walking next to El, who had a bright grin on her face. She'd talked to Jeff the majority of lunch, but eventually came and sat with them at their table. Mike nudged her and she looked at him, he was giving her that crooked smile of his.

"What're you cheesing about?" She rolled her eyes at the word he used, but shrugged.

"Jeff asked me out." The smile vanished almost instantly.

"Oh." She furrowed her brows, but before she had a chance to ask what was wrong, he said, "El… He's a royal douchebag, you shouldn't go out with him." She made a face.

"Who are you to tell me what to do? He wasn't one to me."

"I'm just trying to help, El. I know how much of a dick he is, and how he treats girls."

"I can take care of myself." She snapped. "And again, who are you to tell me what to do? You're not my boyfriend."

"Yeah, I'm aware, El. I'm just trying to stop you from getting hurt. But when he does, don't come crying to me." He knew that was a little harsh, but hell, he was jealous and he knew he was right.

"God, Mike! Why are you so damn overprotective? I'm not a baby!" She walked past him, bumping his arm in the process. She went into the girls bathroom and slammed the door. He sighed and continued to class, plopping down in his normal seat. El was two minutes late to class, meaning she *had* to sit in her usual spot next to Mike, and she threw her book bag on the ground and slammed her book on the table.

"You're mad at me, I get it. Stop trying to destroy school property." He muttered. She let out a quiet huff and rolled her eyes.

"Whatever, Mike."

They didn't talk for two months. *Two months* , people! All because

Jeff asked El to be his girlfriend, and she accepted, and neither Mike or El would apologize to each other. She rarely hung out with the rest of the party, and now it was mainly just Mike, Dustin and Will hanging out in Mike's basement, as Lucas and Max have been going on double dates with the new couple.

"What even happened, Mike?" Will asked. "El won't tell me anything." Mike snorted and shrugged.

"She told me he asked her out and I told her it wasn't a good idea. She said I was *overprotective* and told me that it wasn't like I was her boyfriend."

"Dude…" Dustin said, giving him a look of pity.

"Don't look at me like that." Mike snapped. "She can date whoever she wants, whenever she wants. She's right, it's not like I'm her boyfriend, so it isn't a big deal. I just want her to be happy, and I know she won't be with him. She can get as pissed off as she wants at me, but when he hurts her, she's gonna realize I was right." He huffed and turned away from the two, not speaking another word about El or Jeff as the movie started.

Max and El were at El's house, getting ready for their dates, when Max said,

"So, Ellie, why haven't you and Wheeler been speaking?" El scoffed.

"He's an ass who tried to tell me what I shouldn't do." She replied. "He acts like he's my boyfriend, get this, he told me that Jeff is a douchebag and that I shouldn't go out with him. He's not my boyfriend, brother or dad, he can't tell me what to do."

"He *is* your best friend, though." Max stated. El rolled her eyes.

"Some best friend he is, can't even support me on who I date."

"He's jealous, El, that's all it is."

"Jealous of who? Of what?"

“The fact that you have a boyfriend and it’s not him.”

El never responded, not until after they got back to her house that night.

“When you said that Mike’s jealous because I have a boyfriend that isn’t him, what did you mean?” Max looked up from her magazine with a raised eyebrow.

“Exactly what I said. You’re with a guy that isn’t him.”

“But… that doesn’t make *sense.* ”

“Yeah, it does, El.” Max rolled over and sat up, tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ear. “You’re just too oblivious to realize it. If you were in his shoes, with a girl you thought was a bitch, that would end up hurting him, how would you feel?” El didn’t say anything for a while.

“I’d… I’d probably try and convince him not to date her.”

“Okay. That’s what he tried to do, right? And you got mad at him?” El nodded. “Why would you convince him not to date her? Even if she wasn't really a bitch, and it was just rumours? What’s another reason?”

“Because… I…” She hesitated. “I love him?”

“Ding, ding, ding, we have a winner folks! Eleanor Hopper has *finally* admitted her love for Michael Wheeler after four years of being in love with him.” El shoved her, rolling her eyes.

“That doesn’t mean anything. It’s not like he loves me too.”

“Oh. My. God.” Max smacked herself with her magazine. “I love you, but you’re stupid.”

“Hey!”

“Seriously, El? I just told you all that, only for you to realize you love him, okay? I asked that if you were in his shoes, what would you do, how would you feel? Now, step out of Mike’s shoes, and let him put

them back on. He feels the *exact* same damn way."

"Mike loves me?" She asked incredulously.

"Yeah, he does. It's painfully obvious, and now, you're too wrapped up in Jeff to notice it. I don't know how you haven't noticed it before now."

"Huh."

"What're you gonna do?" El sighed, picking up her phone.

"I'm going to call Jeff, ask him if we can meet up tomorrow, and break up with him. Then I'm going to Mike's to apologize and tell him how I feel." She dialed the number and waited for Jeff to pick up. Only, it wasn't him, but a female voice.

"Hello?"

"Hi, are you Jeff's sister?" She asked.

"He doesn't have any sisters, Sweets. I'm his girlfriend." El froze for a solid minute. "Hello? Who is this?"

"El. His girlfriend. *Ex* -girlfriend." She hung up the phone and laughed humorlessly. "Mike was right, he is a douchebag. That was his *girlfriend* Max."

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Max shrieked. El threw a pillow at her, shushing her.

"Nope." She laughed again. "Wanna go with me to Mike's house?"

"Hell yeah. I just hope you know that on Monday morning, Jeff will no longer be able to have children." They snuck out of the house as quietly as possible, and left in Max's car. El sighed quietly,and Max turned to her. "You okay?"

"Yeah. I just wish I would've listened to Mike. I'm not really… hurt, by the fact that he's cheating, or using me to cheat, whatever the hell he was doing. I just feel like an idiot for not listening to my best friend. We haven't talked in two months, Max, what if he hates me

now?" She wanted to cry, purely for that reason.

"God, El, if you saw the way he looks at you, even now, you'd know that he doesn't. Trust me." El didn't say anything, she just bit her lip. When they arrived at Mike's house, all the lights were off except for his, and she looked at Max, who grinned at her.

"I have a feeling you're staying over so I'm gonna head home. I'll call Hop in the morning and tell him I forgot something at home and that we decided to stay at my place because it was so late."

"Thanks, Max. I love you." El hugged her tightly.

"Love you too, now go get him, tiger." El rolled her eyes but did exactly that, jumping out of the car and running up to the side of the house. She climbed steadily, having done this many times over the years. She reached his window and tapped on it until the curtains moved. She was shaking from the cold, and probably nerves, and felt even more stupid, as she forgot her jacket. Mike had a scowl on his face when he pushed the curtains away, but it left his face when he saw El. His face twitched slightly, as if he didn't know whether to smile or scowl again, but he opened the window anyways and let her in. He sat on his bed and leaned against his headboard, looking at her as she closed the window and hugged herself.

"Hi." She whispered.

"Hey." He replied.

"Um… I wanted to apologize… for being a bitch that day. You we right, he is a douchebag, and I feel like an idiot for not listening to you. And I put him before you and we didn't speak for two months and I hate myself for it, and… I'm sorry." Mike stared at her for a few seconds, and didn't say anything. "Please say something. If you hate me and want me to leave, I will. Just tell me." She practically begged. "I know I've been a shitty best friend, and I'm sorry. I miss you." He didn't say anything, he just stood up and dug around in his closet, before walking over to her and moving her arms. He held up a sweater and she smiled slightly, letting him put it on her. He rubbed his hands up and down her arms, warming her up, before pulling her into his arms.

“I don’t hate you.” He said quietly. “I’m sorry I’m so overprotective. It’s just… you mean a lot to me, I don’t want you to get hurt. I shouldn’t have been such an ass about it, or been a smartass to you after.”

“You don’t have anything to apologize for, you didn’t do anything wrong. You were trying to protect me and I should’ve listened to you.”

“Yeah I do. I told you not to come crying to me about it and I didn’t mean it, and I shouldn’t have said it.”

“That’s not as bad as not talking to you for two months.” He chuckled.

“Okay, let’s stop arguing over who has to apologize, and say that we both did. You’re forgiven. Am I forgiven?”

“You have nothing to be forgiven for, but… yes.” They were quiet for a while, just hugging each other, when Mike asked,

“What did that dickhead do?”

“He either cheated, or used me to cheat. It’s unclear as of right now.”

“The fuck?” He pulled away and looked at her, confused. “What happened?”

“Let’s sit.” She looked towards the bed and he nodded. They sat across from each other, and she put her hands in her lap. She told him everything Max had told her, minus the love part. She wanted to tell him separately. “She said to put myself in your shoes and… I did. I’d have reacted the same way, or probably worse, knowing how dramatic I am.” He chuckled at that.

“Monday he’s gonna get a mouthful of my fist, so I think I’m more dramatic.”

“Nah, I think Max is. She went as far as to say on Monday he wasn’t going to be able to have kids anymore.”

“Okay, yeah, she’s the dramatic one out of the three of us.” El

laughed. It got quiet for a few minutes, the two just sitting in a comfortable silence. “You know,” El said after a few minutes. “We’ve known each other a long time.” He let out a breathy laugh.

“Yeah, since we were kids.”

“Remember how we used to hold hands all the time? And everyone thought we were dating, back in middle school?” He nodded. “Why didn’t we?” He made a face.

“Why didn’t we… date?” He asked, confused. She nodded. “I… I don’t know how to answer that question.”

“I don’t either… but I think we should’ve. Would have saved a lot of time.” He looked outright confused, and his cheeks were slowly turning pink.

“I-I don’t get it. El… what do you mean?”

“I’ve known for a while and didn’t know what it meant. If what I was feeling was going one way or the other, you know?”

“Uh, no. I’m confused here, El.”

“I love you.” She said, finally. “I didn’t know if it was the best friend, brother love, or if I was *in* love with you.” He stared at her for a few seconds and swallowed.

“Y-you figure it out?” He stuttered. She nodded.

“Before we went on our double *date,* she asked why we hadn’t been talking, and I told her what what was said between us. She said you were jealous…” She bit her lip. He looked down at his hands, which were nervously fiddling with his sheets. “I asked her who you were jealous of, and she said, and I quote, *the fact that you have a boyfriend and it’s not him* , and I didn’t say anything until we got back, and we had our talk. I realized that I love you. Like I said, I’ve known it for a while, and now I know what it means. I’m *in* love with you and… I don’t know if she was just screwing with me when she said that you loved me too but… I had to tell you.” She swallowed, biting her lip so hard it nearly drew blood.

“ *You’re* not screwing with *me,* are you?” He asked timidly. She looked at him and saw him looking at her with hopeful eyes. She shook her head immediately.

“No. I-I love you, Mike.” She let him search her eyes, her face, for any sign that she was lying to him, and when he found none, the biggest grin stretched across his face and he covered his face with his hands.

“Oh my God.” He chuckled, not believing this. She raised her eyebrows. “I can’t believe- I love you too, so much, El.” He sat up straight. “I’m sorry, I don’t mean to laugh, this doesn’t feel real.” She smiled at him.

“Well it is.” The two smiled at each other for what felt like forever, and her slowly fell. She shifted so that she was on her knees and moved closer to him. “Can… Can I kiss you?” She asked.

“Yes.” He whispered, and that’s what she did. The moment her lips touched his, they both felt a slight jolt in their hearts, and his hands settled on her waist and hers went to his hair, their lips moving together like they were meant to. Neither could tell you how long they stayed like that, or what time they fell asleep, but one thing El *could* tell you, is that Mike- her boyfriend!- and Max stayed true to their promises on Monday.